



I always think that

A



That morning, a legend...



was sitting on the curtain.



I know it was there but she

TUG



And then she saw...

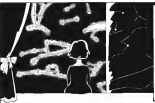




And it looked exactly like
the buttons on my chest.



After that, I no longer closed the curtains, so the light spilled out, before me on the other side of the window.



I thought I saw a shadow, but when I went to check...



It was a bubble.



And so...

I went out as if inviolated
and began collecting buttons.





They reached more each day

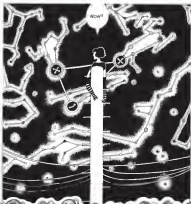


The following illustration
depicts the gift and the gift.



was the first gift
to the mother.





There
be the
lost
one.



— One after day



it's full
of buttons
now









..... the next day,
when I gently opened the curtain.



from inside the guest...



Almost two



...a return gift from the lady

*The
End*